Keep It Real

MC Ren

'that's what the fuck I'm talkin' about
That real shit nigga'Living room packed, laid back on the flow
Niggaz can't see me on the madden with frisco
I'm runnin' fools straight to the dirt
While my man train talkin' on the phone, the evil curse
Niggaz waste gas drivin' down the same streets
And hood rats wishin' for the passenger seats
Flag 'em down, like they flaggin' down to get a taxi
Too good to ride a bus, drinkin' is a must
Another day kickin' back, the scientist is hard at work
Thinkin' how to get paid, kickin' back in the shade
Or call will and temple where my homie down by zeenie
With the bald head it's too hot for the beanie
Sittin' on the porch niggaz run the stop sign
Hookers sell they bodies 'round the way ain't hard to find
Right in the corner of mcdonald's parkin' lot
Peepin' out their hair 'cause that spot is hot
And that's real(chorus)(2x)
Nigga gotta keep my shit real
Lettin' punk niggaz know how the fuck I feel
Pussy ass niggaz always wanna be around
A nigga like ren when I put that real shit downRandy up the street cuttin' up the fresh fade
And compton p.d. around the corner 'bout to raid
The yellow helicopter hangin' 'round like a gnat
And hood rats yellin' out a car where the party at
My robbin' train go and get a duce
And niggaz 'round the way don't give a damn about a gang truce
But I gotta lotta love for my people
And like they ain't tryin', niggaz just keep dyin'
I won't be like most niggaz and just come
And shoot my video in compton and disappear for a year
We make fools like that shake the spot
One for the treble jack yo ass in the parkin' lot
'cause handkerchief headed niggaz come around fakin'
Braggin' 'bout that money they be makin'
Boot lickin' butt dancin' niggaz just better chill
Before I tell 'em how I feel and that's real(chorus)Yeah, uh, break it down
All y'all busta ass niggaz
Do it like this, 1995

Uh, yeah, come all y'all fake ass niggaz to thisGoin' to the pad hit the beach up on the pager
Here comes korleone up the street in the mini-blazer
While the dominoes start to get shakin'
The same time that the barbique start bakin'
I don't eat swine, but I take a turkey burger
I can't fade worms, that books' full of terms
Homies pass by, some stop and conversate
On a gang a topics we start to debate
On why in black neighborhoods is always towed down
And white neighborhoods ain't one piece a trash 'round
So we gotta do for self and quit bitchin'
Recycle black dollars so we can roll impalas
Every street got their own rap artist
On every cover every brother got a gun tryin' to look the hardest
But some deserve a slap 'cause they laid down they strap
When they hear that's a rap and that's real(chorus)

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